

Profound Bond

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Summary: Set after season 11 episode 18: Dean's thoughts about Castiel and their situation. One-shot. Spoilerish.

Profound Bond

****I watched the last SPN episode and couldn't help myself but see how much Destiel-centric was the whole episode! Right? So, I came up with this.****

****Dean-centric fic about his thoughts after they're unable to save Cas from Lucifer and Darkness takes him away. ****

****Short, fluffy and has lots of Dean-feels!****

****Enjoy! :)****

Dean turned around in his bed and lied on his back, his eyes wide open, staring into ceiling above him.

He wasn't able to fall asleep at all, like most of the days since they discovered the truth about Cas and Lucifer.

He just couldn't stop thinking about his best friend and that he might lose him, he couldn't bear the thought. No, he wasn't prepared for that. He won't give up on Castiel, he promised himself that some time ago.

It was his best friend he was worried about. But was he really just a best friend? Dean got always all these weird mixed feelings in his presence, as if he was meant to be something more.

We share a more profound bond, that's what the angel said. What if he was right? He was probably right; he would know that kind of stuff. But what did he think by the "more profound bond"?

Dean played with that thought for a while now, well, ever since Castiel said that sentence.

He cared about that angel in a trench coat that changed his life right from the moment he introduced himself. _I'm the one who gripped you tight and raised you from perdition. Castiel. I'm an angel of the lord._

Dean wasn't prepared to admit to himself how much Cas meant to him, let alone confess it to somebody. Though, he was sure about one thing: Castiel knew about his intentions and thoughts, he had to notice it, Dean was trying very hard to let him know, and even someone as oblivious as Cas had to notice by now. At least Dean hoped so.

He wasn't able to sleep, because he kept thinking about Castiel and how he failed him today. He was scared that Darkness was going to hurt him really bad, or worse... Dean gasped at that thought.

He didn't know why he cared so much about that fluffy haired celestial being, he just knew he did. He was almost sure it got something to do with that profound bond. It had to.

He hated Crowley and Sam for wanting Lucifer to fight Darkness in Castiel's vessel. This whole situation was their fault. No, it really wasn't, but he had to blame it on someone.

He hated Castiel for roping them into this situation, for letting Lucifer loose. He just shouldn't have done it. Dean knew why he probably did it and felt a little guilty about the whole situation. It was his fault that he made Castiel feel useless, but he just wanted to protect him from all of it, from Darkness.

Dean hated himself for unleashing Darkness. He had done a lot of dumb things and mistakes in his life, but this was by far the biggest one. He wanted to punch himself for that.

He hated God for letting all this happen. He was almost sure God was sitting somewhere in some corner watching the show down on Earth and not doing a thing. But then again, if God came down to Earth it would be a little bit too easy, and that's not how things went with Winchesters and company, they never got it easy.

They always got the hardest way possible, kicked in the face with a brick and beaten up, but they would never give up. No, that wasn't the Winchester's way; they would always fight back and kick even harder. That was how they rolled.

Finally, he hated that he cared so much. He was always the overprotective one in any relationship. Even though Dean seemed like a tuff guy, he got a soft sensitive spot. He would always do anything to save someone who he loved.

Cas was that kind of a person, a person worth fighting for and Dean was not going to let him go so easily. He was afraid to admit it, but he needed him, he needed Cas.

By that time Dean decided he couldn't just be lying in his bed and thinking things over, he had to take action, kick back.

So, he got up and went out of his room. He headed himself to the main room of Men of Letters bunker. He was going to do yet another endless research on Darkness, God, Lucifer, angels, everything, he had to find something that could help them, there had to be some way to make things right again.

Dean was in the hallway and he could already see the light light coming from the main room. Someone was there.

"Sam?" Dean asked cautiously, he couldn't think of who else would be in that room.

"Dean, hey," his little brother greeted him with a smile; he knew he would show up. After all Sam was aware of how much Dean cared about their angel friend. "I was expecting you to come, what took you so long?" Sam added and knowingly looked at his older brother.

"I uh," Dean was bit take back with Sam's reaction. "Have you found something?" he cleared his throat and asked.

"Not a thing yet," Sam said and looked down at his work.

"Well, I should better get at the work too," Dean noted and sat down next to his brother, who just nodded in agreement.

"We gotta get him back Sammy," Dean then added worriedly and Sam looked up from his papers. "We will Dean," he said reassuringly, knowing how much this meant to his brother.

They took a first step, they were arming up, getting ready to kick back, beat the bad guy up and get things back to normal, their normal at least. This was their thing after all.

That's it. Hope you liked it! :)

End
file.